extraordinarily at home. The first sensation of entering a foreign city was quickly wiped out.

The difference in atmosphere disappears directly one understands it. I kept on coming across duplicates of " my friends in England/' " How this girl reminds me of Alice/J " How like that one is to Gill! " We had transported the Lyceum three thousand miles—that was all.

On the second night in New York it was my turn. " Command yourself—this is the time to show you can act! " I said to myself as I went on to the stage of the Star Theatre$_3$ dressed as Henrietta Maria. But I could not command rnyself. I played badly and cried too much in the last act. But the people liked rile, and they liked the play, perhaps because it was historical; and of history the Americans are passionately fond. The audience took many points which had been ignored in London. I had always thought Henry as Charles I. most moving when lie made that involuntary effort to kneel to his subject, Moray, but the Lyceum audiences never seemed to notice it. IE New York the audience burst out into the most sympathetic spontaneous applause that I have ever heard in a theatre.

I know that there are some advanced stage reformers *who* prefer to <u>think</u> applause " vulgar," and would suppress it in the theatre if they could. If they ever succeed they will suppress a great deal of good acting. It is said that the American actor, Edwin Forrest, once walked down to the footlights and said to the audience

very gravely and sincerely: " If you don't applaud, I can't act," and I do sympathise with him. Applause is an instinctive, unconscious act expressing the sympathy between actors **and** audience. Just as our art demands more instinct than intellect ia its exercise, so we demand of those who